

You remember the poem, written by a soldier of the Eighth Army in Africa before going into battle, in one verse of which he described what he considered we were fighting for—
 "Peace for the kids our brothers freed,
 A kinder world, a cleaner breed."
 Let us see to it that we attain this objective, so well expressed by a fighting man of the British Empire.
 Field Marshal Montgomery

"Peace for the kids, our brothers freed, A kinder world, a cleaner breed"



Legion Campaign
TODAY and FRIDAY
Objective \$15,000

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

*Stay with me, God. The night is dark,
 The night is cold. My little spark
 Of courage dies. The night is long.
 Be with me, God, and make me strong.*

*I love a game, I love a fight.
 I hate the dark, I love the light,
 I love my child, I love my wife,
 I am no coward. I love life.*

*Life, with its change of mood and shade,
 I want to live. I'm not afraid,
 But me and mine are hard to part—
 Oh, unknown God, lift up my heart.*

*You stilled the waters at Dunkirk
 And saved your servants. All your work
 Is wonderful, dear God. You strode
 Before us down that dreadful road.*

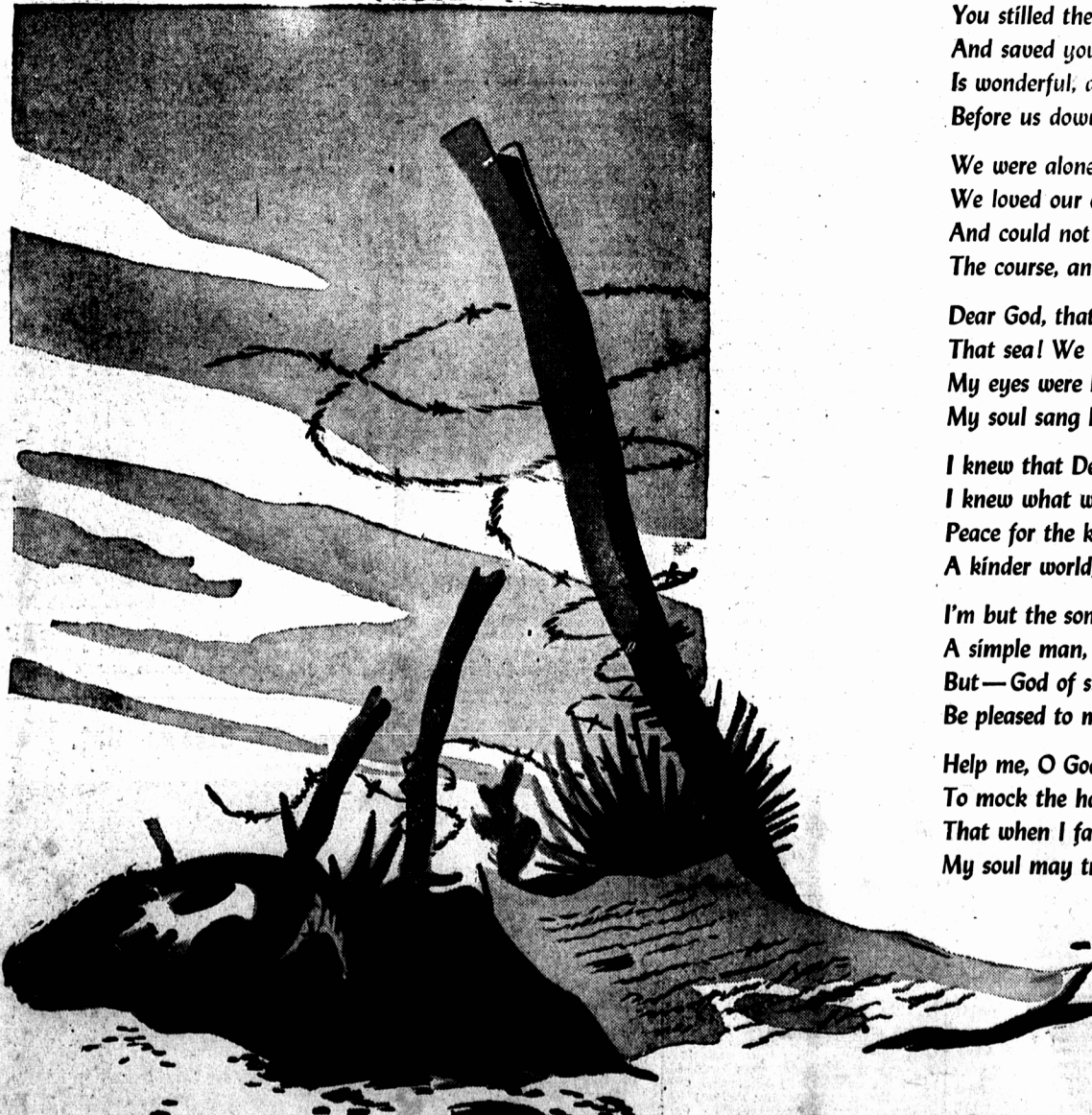
*We were alone and hope had fled.
 We loved our country and our dead,
 And could not shame them, so we stayed
 The course, and were not much afraid.*

*Dear God, that nightmare road! And then
 That sea! We got there... We were men.
 My eyes were blind, my feet were torn,
 My soul sang like a bird at dawn!*

*I knew that Death is but a door.
 I knew what we were fighting for,
 Peace for the kids, our brothers freed,
 A kinder world, a cleaner breed.*

*I'm but the son my mother bore,
 A simple man, and nothing more.
 But—God of strength and gentleness,
 Be pleased to make me nothing less.*

*Help me, O God, when death is near
 To mock the haggard face of fear,
 That when I fall—if fall I must—
 My soul may triumph in the dust.*



This poem—to which Field Marshal Montgomery referred in his personal message to the men of the 21st Army Group—was written on a scrap of paper found fluttering over the desert sands during the battle of El Agheila on Dec. 14th, 1942. The anonymous author was never found.

Surely no one of us can read this heartfelt prayer without realizing how deep a debt we owe to those who, with a great price, have paid for our freedom. Now, as they turn to us for "a kinder world," can we let them down?

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